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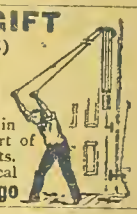

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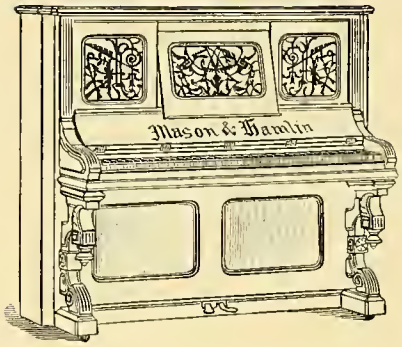

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

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THE response from "those within" in this number, to Miss Goodwin's article, "One Without to those Within," which appeared in the issue of Jan. 17, go to show that the student in College does realize her ignorance of the pratical life and doings of the busy world of today. But they also go to show that it is ignorance arising from necessity rather than from choice. All deplore the fact. Some think it inevitable; that the four years to be spent in College are so fully provided wiih work that there is absolutely no time to respond to more demands. To others some improvement in this direction seems praticable as well as advisable. At any rate, knowledge of a fault and a desire to correct it often go a good way toward accomplishing the good work. If we are alive to our need and help is suggested, we shall not be slow to accept the suggestions as much as lies in our power.

Would not intercollegiate debates on questions of the day be still another way in which to make the topics of the time of more vital interest to College students?

Intercollegiate alliances prove favorable to the cause of athletics, and rouse the greatest enthusiasm.

Why should not this benefit to the physical man be extended to the realm of the intellect as well? Not only would the participants be thoroughly aroused by the interest of the question in hand, but the Colleges as a whole would give its support in every way to the students standing as its representatives. Such debates being apart from all regular College work, would have more snap and sparkle than the required Junior debates, both because of their spontaneity, and because of the interests at stake. The wider the importance of a subject and its connection with one's life, the more it excites one's interest and excitement. If questions of the day should thus have a College interest as well as an outside one, so much the better for the questions of the day, and so much the better for the students grappling with them.

It is often remarked that "Busy" notices are not respected. A glance around shows that there is good cause for the criticism. Daily it happens that request of signs reading "Please do not knock" are entirely ingnored, and a sharp rap calls the occupant to attend to some trival errand, or the visitor walks in without the apparently unnecessary formality of a knock. But a still closer glance shows also that the blame very often lies with the owners of the signs rather than with their visitors. A student who puts out a sign when she is really busy is often careless about taking it in again when she is once more at liberty. If a large "Busy" notice adorns the door of a girl who is known to be out skating, the fact will not tend to make her notices scrupulously regarded in the

future. And when a notice is seen on the same door from morning until evening, and perhaps over another day, one cannot be expected to consider that its meaning is of any importance. Such a means of securing an uninterrupted hour is a valuable aid to every student, and the real value of the custom should be a safeguard against its abuse.

Last week the College had another glimpse of its Glee Club, and though but a glimpse it was a most satisfactory one. The Glee Club as a club has not appeared at all this year. Members of the club have sung several times, at Vespers, at a Monday evening entertainment, and last week at the reception given in honor of Mrs. Stanley; but the début of the Wellesley College Glee Club for the year 1891 is yet to come. Every one is looking forward to that grand concert with the highest anticipation, as one of the chief events of the College year.

The Club is now hard at work practicing the concert music. Intense enthusiasm for the work is shown by all the members, and their loyalty to the College is the strongest incentive to high standards and a superior grade of work. There are some fine solo voices in the Club. The new members received this year have proved a valuable addition. The Club truly represents the College. The members have been chosen entirely without regard to rank, standing, or social position, so that the organization presents none of the doubtful features of a clique. It is purely representative, and as such it commands the hearty and enthusiastic support of every member of the College. All, from Faculty to Freshmen, anxiously await the announcement of the date of the concert. Nothing is more definitely known now than that it will be somewhere near the Easter vacation, but whether before or after is uncertain.

The concert will be hailed with delight not more on account of the Glee Club than of its compliment, the Banjo Club. The work of the Banjo Club last year is remembered with pride and pleasure, as the universal comment was that the execution was highly creditable, considering the large size of the Club. This year the number has been reduced to fourteen, and the standard correspondingly raised. Rehearsals are enforced with new rigidity, absence for any cause whatever receiving regular fine of twenty-five cents. Another important change is signified by the fact that hereafter the Club is to have a leader, who will come from Boston to direct the club once in two weeks.

Science is a magic word in this nineteenth century. Whatever is done in the name of science is sure to be treated with consideration and respect. Almost inevitably, from this very fact, the word is used to cover many practices not included within its wide domain. It must be admittd that some things are justifiable in the interests of science which in themselves would never be tolerated. But before anything is so tolerated it would be well to prove beyond doubt that it is in the interests of science, and not unwarrantedly existing under that mask. The well-known and established custom of vivisection is such a one as has been indicated. Of late much has been said and written to prove that the practice is not justifiable. Miss Stimson in her article comes to this conclusion emphatically. The *Prelude* refers its readers to the comprehensive treatment of that article that each may then judge for himself.

Would not a stock of wrapping paper be a good investment for the College Book Store? To be used only on certain occasions, of course. One could not think of adding unnecessary labor to the already weary hands of the book store attendants; and usually it is most convenient for the purchasers as well as those who serve, to have the purchases taken away from the store guiltless of any protection from curious eyes or variable weather. It saves time. But occasionally, or perhaps even oftener, time is not the most important consideration. Some denizen of a cottage stops after Chapel to lay in a stock of necessary goods of varied character, and more varied size. She may find it necessary to buy on the same morning a quire of essay paper stamped "Wellesley College," with a package of envelopes to match, a bottle of stylograpic ink, a half dollar's worth of stamps, a half dozen picture hooks, and three boxes of matches. If there doesn't happen to be an empty box in the store, it really doesn't matter very much, because she can take the little collection to her Mathematics and German recitations with her, and then carry them home to the cottage under her umbrella. Still, the wrapping paper would be convenient.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR THE USE OF WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

For some years past the thinking public of Europe and America has been much exercised over a certain practice which, thanks to some earnest souls, has been brought vividly before them. This is the practice of vivisection—or, to put it more plainly, the practice of torturing, by fire, drug, and steel, the living, sentient, quivering bodies of helpless animals. But this practice, it is urged, is in behalf of the advancement of science and the benefit of the human race—especially this latter. Benefits however may be bought too dearly—who would wish to purchase life or health at the price of honor? And so I claim in this matter of vivisection, even if any benefit should accrue to mankind thereby, is it worth the price? the price being the utter loss of all humanity and tenderness in hundreds of young medical students—not to mention the yearly torture and exquisite sufferings of thousands of helpless animals—"For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" But even this slight excuse—if excuse it can be called, for the commission of such atrocities—is wanting, in almost every case of this practice. This, however, is a point of which I shall speak later.

The practise of vivisection is to be opposed on three grounds: 1st, its cruelty; 2d, its demoralizing influence, and 3d, because the results obtained are so slight, unsatisfactory, and even misleading.

First, as to its cruelty, let us see what is being done daily in the physiological laboratories of Europe and America. We know that animals are baked to death in slow ovens, are frozen to death in ice-machines, are flayed alive without anæsthetics, are starved to death. Dr. Wertheim, of Vienna, killed 25 dogs by pouring turpentine over them and then setting fire to them; he also partially boiled five other dogs, and several of them survived for days in unutterable agony. Prof. Goltz, of Strasburg, is in the habit of sucking out with a force pump the brains of various animals. Details of 51 dogs so treated are given. Dr. Bell Taylor, of London, tells us that "not one of these experiments was justifiable or necessary, and the idea of the good of humanity would be laughed to scorn by the Professor and his assistants, the great aim being to keep up with or get ahead of one's contemporaries in science, at the price of an incalculable amount of torture needlessly and iniquitously inflicted on the poor animals."

Last spring in Jersey City 141 dogs were experimented upon by a physician who wished to write a treatise on the spinal chord, the experiments consisted largely in the dogs being dropped from various heights in such a way that their backs were pierced by sharp spikes. An Italian physician, within a year or two, merely to see how much agony an animal could endure and live, practised the most atrocious cruelties upon scores of cats and dogs, himself describing them as experiencing "atrocissime dolore." The brains of monkeys and dogs are sliced, ploughed, burnt and picked away.

But it will be claimed that anæsthetics are used in many of these operations—yes, during the actual operation perhaps, but then unfortunately for this claim we know that the same animal is often used in medical colleges for five or six classes, covering a time of several days, and though under ether while before each class, what becomes of him during the intervals between the classes? Ether is expensive, and it is not to be expected that a mere dog or rabbit can be kept under its influence for such a length of time. Some humane operators see that the animal is killed before it comes out of the influence of the ether, but most do not give him another thought after the experiment, and many Colleges do not go to the expense of furnishing a new animal for each operation, or the amount of ether necessary to keep him unconscious for so long a time.

In the case of the boy and dog experiment, which was performed by Dr. Phelps in the Charity Hospital in New York early last November, the dog was under ether while his paw was cut off and the bone grafted into that of the boy, but during the weeks that he had to be kept there, encased in a plaster cast so that he could move only his head and tail, he was perfectly conscious, and though his vocal chords were cut, so that his cries should not disturb the patient, yet his moans are said to have been heart-rending. The vocal chords are always cut, or pierced by nails, in vivisection operations, as the cries of the animals would disturb the operators and attract attention.

This same Dr. Phelps recently published an account of an experiment which he performed last winter on five dogs, to satisfy himself on a matter which had been conclusively proved years before. The dogs were etherized during the actual operation, which consisted in placing different legs in cramped positions and then encasing the dogs from head to tail in plaster casts so that they should be unable to move, or gnaw the bandages. The dogs lived, one six weeks, two three and a half months, and two five months. During all this time they were conscious, but utterly unable to move anything but their heads and tails. Any one who has been kept in a cramped position for an hour or two knows what suffering can be endured even in that short time, and may possibly have some faint notion of how the dogs felt. Dr. Phelps describes them as being "very restless"—imagine yourself restless in a tight plaster cast, that reached from your throat to your ankles, and rendered you utterly unable to move hand or foot. And then if you can, imagine yourself kept in that cast for a month or two—just to prove to some inquiring mind what had already been clearly demonstrated a good many times in the past fifty years; namely, what happens to a joint that is not used for a length of time.

But to return to our anæsthetics. In very many cases there is no pretence even made of their use; sometimes because they would interfere with the purpose of the operation, but more often because it seems a "needless expense," and also because many operators use curare instead—the so-called "hellish oorali," because the animal's sufferings are greatly intensified by its use, and yet it is rendered unable to move a limb, or to bite or moan, or otherwise interfere with the operator's comfort.

I might go on for hours, quoting such revolting details as it makes one sick and faint even to think of, but I think I have said enough to prove my first point, that this system may fairly be condemned on account of its cruelty alone.

Now as to its demoralizing effects.

In the veterinary schools of Paris, Germany, and our own country, fifteen horses are weekly sacrificed to this system, 64 operations being performed on each horse, and no anæsthetics of any kind used. The eyes are cut out, the ears cut off, the teeth punched out, the body cut open, the hoofs torn off—every inch of the body, indeed, is mutilated. The witnesses of these operations are young men, who cannot fail to be most terribly, fatally influenced by such sights. To quote again from Dr. Taylor, "No man can do these things without suppressing his conscience, and the man who habitually suppresses his conscience is on the way to become a devil."

Moreover, the truly scientific spirit in which a man often begins his investigations, is most apt to degenerate into simply a morbid curiosity, the satisfaction of which gains absolutely nothing for science, but a great deal for the devil, by brutalizing the man who indulges it until he is utterly callous to all suffering—to that of human beings as well as of beasts. I do not mean to say that the scientific spirit saves a man from this effect, but it may perhaps render it a degree or two less horrible, if there are degrees in such horrors. And this suggests another question: if a man, led on either by curiosity or the passion for scientific investigation is careless of such suffering in animals, will he be thoroughly conscientious in the treatment of his patients? or will he resist his master passion in this case when in so many others he has indulged it, utterly regardless of every claim of humanity? Alas, experience forces us to answer no, to all of these questions. When Magendie, operating for cataract, plunged his needle to the bottom of his patient's eye, that he might note upon a human being the effect produced by mechanical irritation of the retina, he demonstrated most clearly one result of his passion. Here in our own country, we know of a prominent surgeon, who, having performed an operation which he knew must terminate fatally, yet shortened his patient's life by many hours that he might experiment further in the interesting case. And these are by no means the only cases of the kind on record, where the spirit of scientific investigation has led a man to tamper with the lives entrusted to his care.

And now for the results of all this vivisection. We have the statements of some of the most prominent men of the profession that it is useless; it is unnecessary for the training of a physician or

surgeon, it does not in any way advance practical medical work, and it is often a serious drawback.

First, as to the training of physicians and surgeons; Dr. Bell Taylor, the famous ophthalmic surgeon, never vivisected an animal's eye in his life; Prof. Syme, an eminent English surgeon, the late Sir William Ferguson, sergeant-surgeon to Queen Victoria, Dr. Lawson Tait, the most famous abdominal surgeon that the world has ever seen, Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, professor of surgery in Harvard University, and many others whom it would take too long to name, are most strongly opposed to it, while Sir Thomas Watson, physician to the Queen, says that he never saw a vivisectional experiment in his life; and it is a fact that 95 per cent. of the English practitioners are entirely innocent of the practice.

Next, as to what it has done to advance practical medical knowledge, and to benefit humanity.

Vivisection has been practised for 2000 years, and Dr. Taylor says that it has done nothing for humanity; while Claude Bernard, one of the greatest vivisectors who has ever lived, says that "without doubt our hands are empty of good results." And others go even farther, and say that the results obtained are often misleading and have led to serious mistakes. Dr. Tait says that our knowledge in abdominal surgery would be a century in advance of its present position but for the misleading results of vivisection.

How is it possible to judge, say of the effects of drugs, on human beings from their effects on animals, when no two kinds are affected in the same way by the same drug? I will quote briefly from a medical report which has recently been published on the matter.

"Take opium, for instance, suppose it to be a new drug, of which nothing is known save a few vague reports as to its medicinal qualities. The physiologists proceed to investigate its properties by a long course of experiments on animals. They find that a small dose will throw a frog into tetanic spasms, but that pigeons can take twenty grains and be none the worse for it. They give thirty grains to a rabbit, with no apparent result. It is the same with ducks and chickens. So, arguing from these experiments, they try it on a hospital patient, say a large strong man, and deciding to be very cautious, they give him the dose which they found did not affect a pigeon—twenty grains. To their surprise and dismay, the man promptly dies—and yet according to their experiments they had reasoned logically, and proceeded carefully.

And so we might go through a very long list of drugs that act quite oppositely upon animals and human beings. We must also remember that these drugs are rarely administered to animals as they are to us, through the mouth or by hypodermic injection. No indeed; the animal is often half starved to begin with, then is cut open, his organs moved about, pumped, clamped, and otherwise changed to suit the convenience of the operator, and then the drug is injected. Now, is a dog in this condition a fair example of a human patient being acted upon by the same drug? "Starved, poisoned, paralyzed, cut open, its internal organs mauled, mangled, and in a variety of ways injured, its temperature lowered several degrees by shock, made to breathe by machinery, its sensation heightened so that its suffers intolerable agony"—is that dog in that healthy, normal state which physiologists insist upon as necessary for obtaining accurate results?

And it is not only in regard to drugs, but in all the operations of vivisection. One prominent English physician says, "In the first place I find no attempt is made to bridge over the great hiatus betwixt experiments made upon the lower animals and the daily experiments made on man," and answer that "one case observed in the human being is more valuable than thousands of experiments on animals." Professor Huxly, in his controversy with Mr. Herbert Spencer a year ago, says: "Mr. Spencer assumes that in the present state of physiological and medical science the practitioner would be well advised who should treat his patients by deduction from physiological principles (absolute physiological therapentics' let us say) rather than by careful induction from the observed phenomena of disease and of the effects of medicines. Well, all I can reply is, Heaven forbid that I should ever fall into that practitioner's hands; and if I thought any writings of mine could afford the smallest pretext for the amount of manslaughter of which that man would be

guilty, I should be grieved indeed." Dr. Berdoe in a lecture delivered at Cambridge, Eng., says that in all the great discoveries which it is claimed were made through vivisection, "dogs, rabbits, and other animals were used upon which to *demonstrate* phenomena which had already been observed by clinical methods."

And this is the point upon which the opposers of vivisection dwell most strongly: that it should be practised again and again, not to discover anything new, but simply to show to students what has been known for years, and which no man knowing anything whatever of medicine or surgery could doubt. Dr. Austin Flint, of New York City, in speaking of Ferrier's brain experiments, says in his "Practice of Medicine" that we know them to be accurate for he has performed them again and again before classes, always obtaining the same results: experiments, moreover of such exquisite torture that eminent vivisectionists of Europe have said that they "*dared not*" perform them before students because of the feeling which would be aroused, and of which Dr. Tait says that if they were performed in England the class would leave the room in a body. Yet these experiments have been performed "again and again" in New York, before large classes of students.

It was the same in the case of the boy and dog experiment of which I spoke before; it was perfectly well known that it had been tried several times before and had always failed completely, as it has failed this time.

Of course no one denies that good has been done on occasion by operations such as this, but is it right that any bungler should have it in his power to inflict such torture in the name of science? The right to decide whether an operation which necessitates such terrible suffering on the part of even one dog shall be performed, should be in the hands of those men who, by their knowledge and experience, as the leaders of the profession, are qualified to judge whether or not any good will accrue to the patient or to science.

In certain laboratories of New York City rooms are for rent to outsiders, and animals, it is advertised, can be purchased from the laboratory; and there any man who claims to be a doctor, can shut himself up for as long as he likes, and the law cannot touch him, though he inflict all the tortures of the damned on his helpless victims.

And so, in the name of a common humanity, I appeal to all women, and especially to all College women, to use their personal influence in this cause, that there may be legislation to protect the helpless creatures who are unable to protect themselves, and that the legislation may be properly and powerfully enforced.

Candace Stimson, '92.

FROM THOSE WITHIN.

It takes a great deal of patience to live through four or five years of college life. We realize this once more as the accusation that college women are two often impractical and unready to meet the world as they find it is brought against us.

It is true that we know very little about the Pan-American alliance, that the dangers of the "Freecoinage bill" are not apparent to us, that our theories concerning education are not entirely formed yet, and that we are more ready to talk about "The Ring and the Book" than of the last popular novel. "'Tis true, 'tis pity", and we immediately set our wits to work to devise some means for removing the grounds of such a charge.

Not one of us can help but be stirred up to more reading of newspapers and periodicals and filled with a great desire to know more of the questions with which the world is grappling. But sooner or later we come face to face with a factor which cannot be eliminated. That factor is the element of *time*. It takes time to do every little thing, and, as good Marcus Aurelius observes, "Thou seest how few the things are, which if a man lays hold of, he is able to live a life which flows in quiet." In all our colleges for women, the time which a student has at her command is limited and the amount of work which must be done in the given time is generally quite sufficient to consume almost every minute. This fact is bound to enforce itself upon us, even when we are longing to concern ourselves with the facts and questions of actual life rather than with the general truths and principles which past ages have developed. It is then that we have great need for patience and unfaltering respect for that general property of life in

virtue of which, no two kinds of work can occupy the same time, at the same time.

The college course is generally the end of a long period of preparatory work. As has been said, the whole process of education is intended to teach us to live. It is not strange then that we should be impatient to begin the actual living. The practical problems in geometry are undoubtedly more interesting than the long pages of theorems and principles which lead up to them. Also we might solve many of these same problems by means of rules, without knowing the principles.

It would seem that the relations between the college life and real life are somewhat similar. Then we graduate, we have just come to the practical problems. Why need we be ashamed that we have not come to that part of the arithmetic before? Perhaps some other pupils in the class have shipped over the principles and been solving the problems by mechanical rules, long before we have finished the theoretical work. Surely that need not trouble us.

College women may stand at a disadvantage when they are first launched upon real life, but, if they are worth anything at all, they soon adjust themselves. The cases of failure can be accounted for. Some women are so wrapt up in the theories and principles that they care not at all for the practical application of them. Such women are never disabused of the notion that college life is the ideal life—just what real life ought to be. They find nothing worth while in actual living with its thousand practical issues.

Others fail because, in the nature of things, they cannot succeed. They even fail to grasp principles.

Let us not be ashamed, then, to be still grinding away on our theorems. And it is not forbidden to turn over a few pages and refresh one's self by an occasional look at the problems.

H. A. Pierce, '91.

During the last three years the habit of reading the newspapers has been increasing among the College girls, owing largely no doubt to the stimulus given by the Greek letter Societies to an interest in contemporary politics. As "One Without" has said, the newspaper has a claim on the notice of intelligent women, and it is to be hoped that the custom of keeping posted on current events in the real world will become universal among the inmates of this Wellesley world.

But I have sometimes thought that those who do now read the papers are fearful of letting their light shine forth. Miss Goodwin has suggested the helpfulness of discussing the live problem of the day with our College friends. There is no more effective method of making a subjeot real to ourselves, and finding what we actually know and think about it. And there is no better time and place for such discussion than at our College dinner-tables. Yet who of us has not sat through many a dinner at which there driveled to and fro the stalest of College common-places as to the beauty of the West Woods, and the inconveniences of somebody's schedule, and the terrors of somebody else over examinations. These time-worn subjects seem to be brought up because no one is vitally enough interested in anything else to make it interesting to her companions. Yet I venture to say there are at every table one or two people at least who are moderately intelligent and more than moderately interested regarding public matters outside the bounds of Wellesley village, and these are the people who hide their light beneath a bushel, not that I would have them turn encyclopedic: pedentry is even more of a bore than the common place. But personal interest shown in any live question always meets with a ready response, and by giving oneself in a whole souled fashion, one may often get in return the selves of many other people. The table is then a social enjoyment, as we certainly hope to find it when we have left College, and not merely physical necessity. From personal experience I am certain that if one comes to dinner weary and talks twaddle he will go away wearier stiil; but real fun or real discussion will quite take away the sense of physical discomfort. A long paper might be written on the uses and abuses of the dinner-table, but in the light of Miss Goodwin's article I would merely ask if each of us is doing all she can to show her interest in the world that is not ideal, and to draw out the opinions other people may be able to give her.

Alice A Stevens, '91.

"Who can tell us the news to day?" some one will ask at the dinner table. A pause and then one answered. "I have been too busy to read the papers today." Another says, "I mean to keep informed, but I never find time for newspapers or magazines." Were this an unusual thing it would not seem strange, but when day after day goes by in this same way, we begin to see why it is that when we meet people from the extra college world we are at a loss for something to say and feel as if the current of our lives had suddenly come to a standstill. To be ignorant of the doings of the world outside one's own narrow environment is ignorance indeed. And yet is not the college girl the one who is most sadly lacking in general information?

To those of us who live among ourselves, shut off from the busy hum of every day life,—devoting ourselves studiously to the literary work which is both a pleasure and a duty,—the affairs of our college life are all absorbing and we find no time even if we had the inclination, to indulge in news reading and a consideration of the questions of the day. This lack of touch with the life of the general public is felt not only when we meet the world in our vacation attire, but right within the college walls themselves. At table, I think, we find the greatest necessity for some general topics of conversation. We all know how there sit at tables, from eight to sixteen girls, representing members of every class, and that there is scarcely anything in common between them, save lessons.

I am aware that Freshmen live in a trying stage of existence and that the sixteen period Sopeomore is pretty well well taxed. I would not be guilty of adding one straw more to the Junior's back—and the Senior still lives to learn. Though I grant lack of time on the part of all of us, yet let me urge one and all to cultivate the disposition to seize every opportunity which will acquaint one with the doings and spirit of the times that we may "Act,—act in the living Present," as well as bask in the sunshine and shadows of the past, and dream of the future.

E. Helena Gregory, '91

The many coincidences that continually surprise us, form one of the strangest factors of our human existence. It seldom happens that any great discovery which is to mark a new and wonderful era in the world's history is made singly; at least another besides the one who obtains the glory has been endeavoring to come to the same conclusion. This fact holds true of revolutions in thoughts and the presentations of new and the application of old theories, and it seems may even have reference to matters of less general importance.

Is it not perhaps a significant indication that Wellesley girls need a vigorous awakening — that at the same time when one of our graduates was considering the necessity of stimulating them to a greater interest in the affairs of the outside world, many within the college walls had been seeking some remedy for this same lack of interest.

This discussion not only involves the question whether we will be better equipped to battle with the world but whether it is not incumbent upon us as college students, to give some time and thought to solving the vital questions of the day. If we are shocked and greived at the indifference we find depicted everywhere to the misery and sorrow in the world: if we are continually met with the statement that more is now being done to alleviate than ever before: if, I say, we realize the need of information and thought to stimulate those living in the real world to greater efforts, what can we feel when we see college girls so lost in their own pursuits that, when they too leave the ideal life, they have no practical knowledge with which to wield the influence they of all others should possess. There is no doubt that girls are as a rule much more conscientious in their work, more prone to fulfil every command in the most literal manner, while their brothers, although seemingly neglectful at times, are by their wideawake interest in all about them gaining knowledge invaluable to one who is to be in the world and not shut up with her books.

The question now presents itself, will not that time be well spent that is taken judiciously from our studies to be given to the reading not only of newspapers but of books that try to solve or offer new information upon the problems of the day. Many of us know from personal experience that we often recklessly waste time in idle conversation when we feel the need of study and can not con-

scientiously sit down and read. Then, too, many of us find our greatest recreation and spend our happiest hours in perusing some dearly loved poems. We sigh over the many, many volumes whose contents will be forever hid from our longing glances, and feel every minute wasted that is not given to books worth reading: but here another question confronts us. Should we not consider those books most worth our while, that deal with practical usefulness for to-day? Is there not some selfishness in the desires that prompt us entirely to gratify our literary tastes, when there are still so many even in this land of the free who are still languishiug in bonds as heavy as ever bound the slaves.

Here in our almost ideal college life we have only a dim realization of our responsibilities, and it acts as a haven of rest before we go out to the great battle of life. We cannot yet take our plaee and add our small efforts to the herculean labors of those who are fighting often single-handed and alone the many headed hydra of selfishness, but we can know of their troubles and hard won victories, we can learn what help is needed, we can be preparing ourselves in every way to meet the issues that present themselves.

The most probable cause of our indifference is our ignorance, for few can feel for the sorrows they know not of or take interest in movements whose urgency has not been brought forcibly before them.

It is not only in our reading that this is particularly apparent but in our conversations in spite of the continual "shop talk" of which we are accused, but are the subjects of these talks of any vital importance? Is there not a latent sentimentalism in much of it, sentimentalism in its best interpretation but still recognizable to an acute observer. There is a dilettantism in the way we theorize upon various subjects which are merely matters of interest and touch the lives of only those to whom larger opportunities of study are open.

So much depends upon us, as college women, and we shall have so many opportunities to influence others and to leave our stamp on the movements of the day, that we cannot consider too seriously the question now before us.

Emily Fogg, '93.

What I have to offer as a suggestion for keeping in touch with world-life as well as College-life, is modestly given. but since it comes from my own experience, it may be of use. It is this, that whenever we meet with those not in our College, we do our best to draw them out, and not give such fine opportunities for being drawn out ourselves, I found that with a very few questions I could be tempted into quite an account of College life, and determined to reverse the process, to make myself into a good listener, a sympathetic asker of questions, and find out the outside ways of living.

This is a little thing but it creates a vital interest in questions of the day, and it developes some very practical ideas. It certainly has helped me to try harder to combine the real and the ideal in College and has prepared the way for some work in the world when I shall leave College.

X.

SEA-WARD.

An Exile's Song.

Far beyond the mountains cold,
  Chanting a low solemn song,
Lies the ocean grand and old,
  Sweep the waves majestic, strong.
And I listen, listen long,
  Just to hear the waters break,
Just to catch the murmuring song,
  That the waves forever make.

Eastward lies an endless plain;
  Rest I seek there, but it brings
Naught but weariness and pain
  In the one sad song it sings.
Westward rise the mountains high;
  Cries my heart in vain, for they
Towering upward toward the sky,
  Shut the sounding sea away.

Stillness lies about, above,
  Fills my heart and fills my days,
Not the grand sweet quiet of love,
  Like a silent hymn of praise,
But the stillness that doth come
  Where the pain's too deep for tears,
When the heart is stricken dumb
  By its anguish and its fears.

Oh, my home beside the sea!
  At the coming of life's night,
Fly my tender thoughts to thee
  As the birds in eager flight
Seek their nests at close of day.
  Could I rest the waves beside,
All my cares would glide away,
  Out upon the ebbing tide.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

On Sunday, Jan. 25, Rev. George E. Merrill, of Boston, preached in the Chapel, taking his text from John 17: 3. "And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."

* * *

The second lecture on German Mediæval Literature was given in the Chapel, Jan. 22, by Prof. Denio. Those who were kept indoors by Thursday,s storm, missed a very interesting lecture. The subject was "Das Nibelungenlied." In the thirteenth century the same poetical impulse spread like a wave over Europe, much as the religious and knightly impulse of the crusades spread over it in the eleventh, and it was then that the great German poem of the Nibelungen assumed to present form. The chief characters of the epic are Gunther, who rules at Worms with his sister Kriemhild; Brunhild, the Amazon queen, who becomes Gunther's wife; Hagen, the vassal of Gunther; Siefried, the suitor of Kriemhild, who comes as a mighty hero, conqueror of the Nibelungen people, and possessed of their treasure; and Attila, the brave young ruler of the Herns, who becomes the second husband of Kriemhild. The others but give color to the scene. The action, which covers thirty-seven years begins with the double marriage of Gunther and Briemhild, Siegfried and Kriemhild. There is no apparent friendship between the two courts, until Brienhild, displeased that Siegfried, through Gunther's vassal, does not pay him tribute, at a feast in Worms shows that hostility which results in Hagan's slaying Siegfried. Hagan then seizes the Nibelungen treasure and throws it into the Rhine. Kriemhild after a time accepts the suit of Attila, and plans revenge for Siegfried's death. She calls a feast, invites her relatives on the Rhine, and demands her treasure, which she is refused. Then follows an unsuccessful attempt at reconciliation and a deadly combat, in which the Queen Brienhild, Hagen and Gunther are slain by Kriemhild, Hagen remaining true to his liege and refusing to deliver up the treasure. The poem is a drama in three acts; the first giving the wooing of Brienhild and Kriemhild, the second, the quarrel of the queens, and death of Siegfried; the last, which is more detailed, and, in style, more like an epic, the conflict in the palace of Attila, Kriemhild's revenge, and the death of Hagen. The thought of the drama is Kriemhild's love, sorrow, and revenge. She is the only fully developed character. Throughout the drama Hagen is a mighty character without a trace of weakness. The poem is in stanzas suited to a sustained and noble theme. The last line usually contains some naive illusion to what is coming, reminding one of a child who cannot keep a secret. The measure varies in effect, now bold and strong, now sweet and musical, often rough and battling. The style is characterized by some carelessness, exaggeration, and free use of figuses. As in the Edda and Homer the development predominates the form of dialogues. The strange, large features of Norse heroic tales, rude and powerful come before us, with something of the spirit of the spirit of crusades and chivalry. The quaintness of the dialect, its artlessness and attraction cannot be put into a modern German dress, still less into an English version. The song, sung by minstrels, are so handed down through the ages was finally committed to parchment, and ten complete manuscripts are extant. It does not consist of twenty different songs, as is commonly believed, but is one long poem with unity in form, style, action. Though popular in tone it was iatended to be sung before aristocratic circles. Das Nibelunglied rests on history. The chief actors really lived and performed great deeds. Attila and Gunther were real rulers of the fifth century. The story of Kriemhild is taken from the history of a Frankish princess, while the story of Siegfried is based upon a myth. Anachonisms occur in the epic, because history is mingled with tradition. In Das Nibelungenlied the Germans have a complete legendary history. Here we find pictured the deeds, customs, beliefs of our forefathers. Moral elements of nobility and strength are not wanting. Devotion to duty, generous hospitality, loyalty to liege, delight in simple, natural surroundings, true friendships, are all Germanic virtues. It is the embodiment of the spirit of the ancient Germans. The influence of this ancient past on poets of our day is even greater than on the singers of the Middle Ages. Of this Wagner's Operas furnish one proof. The old songs keep their hold on the people. A great past becomes the pride of a nation, faithful care of glorious traditions a security for a glad and prosperous future. To us, a German people, not a nameless poet, seems the true author of Das Nibelunglied, but Germany alone seems the home of such an epic.

* * *

On Sunday evening Jan. 25, Mr, Charles F. Birtwell, general secretary of the Boston Children's Aid Society, interested the seniors in the good work of rescuing children from crime and from suffering. In 1864, the work began with the care for few wayward boys, boys who had been arrested for small offences and who would otherwise be sent to the Reformitory at Deer Island as Juvenile Offenders. Control over these boys was obtained for a specified time. Pine Farm at West Newton was opened, Here thirty boys found a home with a "house father" and what is still more important a "house mother." They study, play and work on the farm, and become better, instead of being surrounded with hundreds of boys, who teach them sin

as in the old-fashioned reformitory. When more room was needed, other homes were opened at Foxbury and Weston, care being taken to keep the families small enough to make the atmosphere homelike. When the boys become morally fit, they are placed in private families, and even after they have graduated "an agent keeps up the acquaintance and helps them when he can.

The work grew and prospered. Its aim is to meet every need of children which is not met by other societies. Now wayward girls are sent to private families in the country where the influences are good. One cannot but be impressed by the kindness with which help is given. Home life is the standard, and a tenement house with constant noise of drunken fights and oaths is a hard place to make a home, but not all the children can be sent into the country. Volunteer visitors get acquainted with families, and, where they can, put a library of fifteen books into one of the homes of a tenement house, aud form a library group of ten boys and girls. The children read the very best juvenile literature and enjoy it. The visitors come at the weekly exchange of books, talk with the children about reading, get them to put their pennies in the savings banks, teach them amusements, and in every way try to make them love home. Often parents are unable for a time to support their children, but cannot bear to sign them away. For such, the Society finds good homes in the country where the children can board. This is only a part of the work, and the work is growing. Mr. Birtwell hopes for schools to teach trades, for better legislation, and for wider interest in work for the poor, for wherever one has a will to help, there is work to be done.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Wellesley is glad to learn that President Shafer's health is rapidly improving, and that she is fast gaining strength. This good news gives a firm foundation to the hope that she will be at College again next year.

Rev. William R. Clarke, of Newton Centre, will preach in the Chapel on Sunday, February eighth. Dr. Mears, of Worcester, is prevented from preaching to-morrow, and Dr. Wolcott Calkins, of Newton, will take his place.

Examinations are over. All have said Good-bye to them gladly and draw a breath of relief now. Welcome to the new semester.

Mrs. Lizzie Dodge Park, student at Wellesley '76-'80, spent the day at the College last week, with Miss Cummings.

Mrs. Walter Baker, of Dorchester, has bequeathed to Wellesley College $9,000; $7,000 of it to be used for a new scholarship, and the remaining $2,000 to complete her former scholarship of $5,000, since this sum is insufficient now that the price of tuition has been raised.

President Taylor, of Vassar, spent a day at Wellesley last week. He came with Miss Florence Cushing, a Vassar graduate, now one of the trustees of Wellesley. In the morning they went through the various cottages and all the College buildings, lunched with Prof. Lord at Norumbega, and left early in the afternoon.

A mistake about Prof. Harper's lectures on "Old Testament Prophecy" was made in the last issue of the Prelude, where it was stated that they would continue after examinations. Prof. Harper did indeed intend to have given one more lecture on "The Second Isaiah;" but since a space of four weeks must have intervened between that and the preceding one, it was thought best to complete the course by giving the two in one on January twentieth. Many have attended every lecture from the beginning of the year, and even those who have been able to hear only a few will be extremely sorry that the course is ended.

Zeta Alpha, at its last meeting, January twenty-fourth, initiated three new members:—Miss Florenee Wilkinson, '92; Miss Emily Foley, '93; and Miss Flora Luther, Sp.

At the union meeting of the Junior class last Sunday evening, Miss Scudder told them about the Passion Play, as Miss Knox told the Seniors last term.

Here is a word to the Seniors from the chair-man of the photograph committee. There are only eight more days between now and the first of March, in which the Senior class must make all appointments for photographs to be had at reduced rates. Mr. Partridge's studio in the village is open only on Monday and Tuesday of every week. The office-hours for making appointments for sittings are at recess every Friday and Saturday in the Senior parlor. A word to the ———!

At the last meeting of the class of '93, the list of officers for this year was completed. Miss Blanche Sanders and Miss Mary Downs were elected factotums, and Miss Marion Wilcox, Miss Lucy Hartwell, and Miss Fanny Lucas are the executive committee.

This year, as last year, the Political Economy Class, instead of taking an examination, were required to visit some factory and write a paper on what they had learned there. Three parties of students chose the Riverside Press at Cambridge, where they were most

courteously received. Mr Mifflin, the active business manager, was very kind in answering the multitude of questions put to him, and in providing guides for all who wished to be shown through the buildings. There were none of the students who did not wish that all examinations were as pleasant.

It was clearly proved last week that the Friday afternoon Symphony Concerts would be well attended by the students were it not for the appointments in Bible, keeping almost the whole college at recitation on that afternoon. The concert of the twenty-third, coming in examination week, was the only afternoon Symphony of the year which the students can attend; and many were glad to avail themselves of the opportunity it offered, busy as they were at that time. Even those who have keen appreciation of music and are anxious to have this above all the advantages of living so near Boston, do not regularly attend the Saturday evening concerts because they feel they cannot afford to lose, every week, their Saturday night's rest until midnight. There are only about a dozen who do go regularly to the concerts, — a dozen out of seven hundred.

Bobbing has probably never been better, in the history of Wellesley than it was on Tuesday of last week, and that is saying a great deal. Bobbing on Norumbega Hill, or College Hill, or still better on Simpson Hill, was so good that all were content with that until the better came, until the whole campus was covered with a hard, smooth, white crust of snow and ice. Every bob that could be unearthed from every cellar came forth gallantly to do service then, and, unmindful of rows of examinations ahead, the Wellesley girls came forth too. Starting from the top of College Hill close by the avenue, down the hill and to the right over the ice, then across the path between Stone Hall and College Hall, and over Longfellow's Pond—this is no mean slide. All over the campus, in many different directions, toboggans, sleds, bobs and dust-pans did their duty. Some started from the Art Building steps, whizzed down the hill among the trees across to the hill opposite, then around to the left and over the pond. Or,—the steepest slide of all, from the east door of College Hall, down the bank and over the road towards Simpson. Waban, too, had its share of coasters. From Mrs. Durant's house, across the lake to the Stone Hall Hill, and then down the Stone Hall Hill and back across the lake again. What matter that almost every cottage was turned into a temporary hospital? What matter for sprained ankles and lame backs? Wellesley may never have such coasting again, and Wellesley certainly made the best of it, while it lasted.

Two of the students had an exciting, though happily not a serious adventure, on Thursday of last week. They were in the College coach, driving to the station in the rain. It was very slippery on the drive-way between Stone Hall and the road leading to Simpson, the wind was blowing hard, and Tom, the driver, was in somewhat of a hurry. Just as the coach turned the corner on the main road, it was thrown over on one side. The horses, not being fiery steeds, did not try to run, and no one screamed or fainted. Tom called out quickly, "Don't break the windows!" This, however, was the only remark or proffer of assistance which he ventured to make, so one of the girls stretched her arm through a window and managed to get the door open. Then they both crawled out into the pouring rain, a good deal bumped and shaken up, but with no serious injury. Their driver, losing his head a little, insisted that he could not continue his journey to the station, and capped the climax by asking them to leave the mail at the Post Office on their way. This they declined, and set out for the station on foot, glad at least to escape without being obliged to surrender a coach ticket for the ride.

Next Monday evening there will be a concert in the Chapel as fine, though in a different way, as the concert of the nineteenth. Mme. Helen Hopekirk is to give a piano recital. Mme. Hopekirk is one of the greatest pianists of the world, and hardly needs an introduction. Five years ago she was here, and those who remember her then, remember the enthusiastic welcome she received. Since that time she has been studying abroad under Leschetizky, probably the greatest living teacher. Some of his compositions she will play on Monday evening, with some of her own also. On account of the long and generous program, the concert will begin promptly at seven o'clock.

There have been many who have wished that the History of Music, as well as the History of Art, might be made an elective at Wellesley. This has not yet come, but an opportunity has come to learn something about a subject so interesting. Prof. Hill is to give a course of lectures on the History of Music, lasting from now through the rest of the year. The first one will be next Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock in the Chapel, and they will be given there every Tuesday at the same hour. The course gives even more than could be gotten from a year's study, and is the result of a vast amount of research. Prof. Hill will begin with Chinese and Japanese music, then take up the music of the Bible, of the Hindus and of the Assyrians, and the Greek music, the foundation of our modern system. The course is open to all, musical and unmusical alike, and a cordial invitation is extended to all those who wish to come.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

Miss Kittie Payne Jones, '84, is teaching in a private school in Boston, Mass.

Miss Mary Cutler, '88, has been obliged to give up her position in Mr. Moody's School at Northfield, Mass., on account of illness.

Miss Mary E. Zimmerman, of the class of '89, is teaching vocal music at Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo.

Miss Belle Sherwin, '90, is the manager of a Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, and is engaged in other philanthropic work at her home in Cleveland, Ohio.

Miss Alice G. Bothwell, 90 is studying in the State Normal School, Albany, N. Y.

Miss Jennie Galpin, student at Wellesley '88-'89, is teaching at Brockport, Illinois.

Miss Clara Preston, '89, is teaching Greek and Latin in the High School at Woburn, Mass.

On December thirteenth, 1890, a meeting was held at which forty-two Wellesley girls of New York City and vicinity were present. The work of the meeting was the organization of the Wellesley Club of New York. All residents of New York and vicinity who have studied at Wellesley are eligible to membership. The result specially desired is the promotion of intercourse among Wellesley girls with its consequent pleasure and inspiration. The following officers were elected, President, Miss Helen Merrill '86; Vice-President, Miss Clara Potwin '84; Secretary, Miss Grace Andrews '89; Treasurer, Miss Zaidee Williams; Executive Committee, Mrs. Christabel Lee Safford '88, Miss Flora Smeallie '86, and Miss Hattie Husted.

A course of lectures upon the History of Art will be given, under the auspices of the Wellesley Alumnæ, by Miss Kitty Payne Jones, '84, for the benefit of the Norumbega Fund. The lectures, whose subjects and dates appear below, will be held in the parlors of the Y. W. C. A. building, 68 Warrenton St. (near Tremont St.), Boston, on Tuesdays, beginning February 3, at 3.30 p. m.

February 3.—Greek, Roman, and Italian Painting before 1300.
February 10.—14th Century Painting. Giotto, Fra Angelico, Orcagna.
February 17.—15th Century. Florentine School. Masaccio to Signorelli.
February 24.—15th Century. Other Italian Schools. Perugino, Mantegna, Bellini.
March 3.—Character of the 15 Century. Leonardo da Vinci, Michel Angelo.
March 10.—Fra Bartolommeo. Andrea del Sarto, Raphael commenced.
March 17.—Raphael Concluded.
March 24.—Correggio.
March 31.—Venetian School, Titian.
April 7.—Venetian School, Palma Vecchio. Tintoretto, Veronese, Basano.

Each subject will be illustrated by photographs or engravings.

Price for the course, $5 00. For single tickets, 50 cents. Tickets for the course can be obtained of Miss Helen J. Sanborn, 383 Broadway, Somerville, Mass. The assistance and co-operation of alumnæ, former students and friends of Wellesley, in or near Boston, is earnestly desired.

Helen J. Sanborn, Treasurer Norumbega Fund.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

The study of Greek is to be made elective at Oxford and Cambridge.

By the death of Mr. Bancroft, Rev. Dr. Frederick Augustus Farley of the class of 1818, becomes the senior alumnus of the College.

Out of 867 graduates of the Vassar College, 315 or a little more than 36 per cent. have married.

Thirteen hundred members of Cambridge University have signed a paper protesting against the granting of degrees to women.

Statistics show that the 94 universities of Europe have 1,723 more professors, and 41,814 more students than the 360 colleges of the United States.

Some relic hunter has cut out and carried away the window-sill from the room at Union College on which President Arthur had carved his name while a student.

The average expenses at Yale per year have been for each freshman, $783.96; sophomore, $831.34; junior, $884.17; and senior, $917.70. The largest expense reported for any one was $2,908.—*Ex.*

The woman's fraternity of Kappa Kappa Gamma has established a chapter at Barnard College, the Annex to Columbia. The charter members are from the Sophomore class. Kappa Kappa Gamma is the largest of the woman's college fraternities. It was founded in 1870, and has now twenty-three chapters and a membership of about 1500.

The plan for the new University of Chicago, proposed by Professor Harper of Yale, has been adopted by the board of trustees of the University. It had been previously submitted to between fifty and sixty of the most prominent educators in the country, including professors at Yale, Harvard, Columbia, Princeton, Wellesley, Vassar, Johns Hopkins, and other famous universities and colleges, and all these, without exception, fully endorsed it.—*Ex.*

WABAN RIPPLES.

AT DINNER.

OPPOSITE: "Miss Brown, will you have some tea?"

BRIGHT MISS BROWN: "No, I thank you; I took my tea in coasting this afternoon."

Is it not truly looking out for a friend's *welfare* when we asked that he be helped again?

DURING the last few weeks, we have had less soup than ordinarily at the College.—Is it because of the rice in soup?

AT BIBLE-REVIEW.

INSTRUCTOR: "What caused the famine?"

STUDENT: Why, I don't know! I suppose nothing to eat caused it."

INSTRUCTOR: "Describe the route of the Israelites."

STUDENT: (beginning) "They marched north-north-east and crossed the Suez canal."

SIGNS OF HARD STUDY.

BEFORE CHEM.

"We are not the *Salt* of the earth,
but
Our tempers are *Acid*.
and
Whosoever entereth or stealeth is *Base*."

BEFORE MATH.

"Let all who enter here, leave hope behind,
For all who come herein perforce must grind!"

BEFORE HISTORY.

"Shoo girls! shoo girls! don't bother me,
For I am studying history!"

Taken from Doors—

ON THE WAY TO THE STANLEY LECTURE.

STUDENT: (at Albany station, to Cabman) "Have you a Kodak?"

EMBARRASSED DRIVER: "No, miss, I don't drive that kind, but I can get you a Hurdic."

INSTRUCTOR: "Miss B——, give me the date of the Reign of Terror."

MISS B—— (who is just dating a paper) absent-mindedly—"Oh! January 21, 1891."

A JINGLE FROM THE ANTIQUE.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to a lecture, Sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"You won't understand it, Sir," she said.

"What is the subject, my pretty maid?"
"The total extinction of man;" she said.

"Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid,"
"Superior girls *never* marry," she said.

COASTING.

At the top of the hill,
The three stood athrill
With the joy of the long coast before them.

At the foot of the hill
When they'd had a sad "spill,"
Glad life, changed, seemed only to bore them.

Then away from the hill,
For of sport they'd their fill,
Went the three with bruises all o'er them,

E. I. M.

HIGH ART.

Great things may be done thro' patience and will,
With almost no tax upon nerve;
But all will acknowledge it takes downright skill
To steer a big bob round a curve.

E. I. M.

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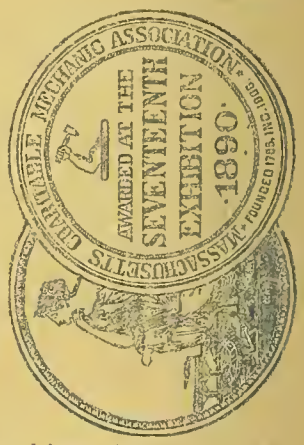

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